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[Translated from the German for this Journal.]

The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÜRING.

(Continued from page 129.)

In the year 1792, Beethoven's outward circumstances, which never had been easy, shaped themselves more favorably than before. The Elector Max Franz, with whom he always stood in favor, invited him at his expense to take a journey to Vienna. There he was to improve himself still further in music, especially in composition, under the tuition of the celebrated HAYDN. He became more intimately acquainted with SEBASTIAN BACH's works, which he had already studied at an earlier period, his attention being now again directed to that great master by his teacher. At the same time he diligently studied, with a view to the church style, the compositions of HANDEL. Haydn had formed himself upon them both, and therefore thought he could not commend better models to his pupil, whose progress he remarked with satisfaction. Haydn also made him acquainted with the works of MOZART, whom he found on his arrival in Vienna no more among the living, he having died the year before. Such models gave Beethoven's taste that distinguished direction, to which he remained faithful all his life, thereby winning universal admiration. The instruction he had been receiving was interrupted in 1795, when Haydn made another journey to London. He turned his pupil over to the celebrated contrapuntist, ALBRECHTSBERGER, under whose direction Beethoven studied on industriously.

To the first part of his stay in Vienna belongs a letter, which shows his character from a very amiable side, through the good-heartedness with which he openly confessed and asked pardon for

a hasty act of which he had been guilty. This letter, dated Vienna, Nov. 2, 1793, was addressed to the friend of his youth, Eleonore von Breuning, afterwards the wife of Dr. Wegeler. "A year has elapsed since my stay in this capital, and this is the first letter you receive from me; yet rest assured you have ever lived in my recollection. I have often conversed with you and yours, although not with that piece of mind which I could have desired; for the late wretched alteration was hovering before me, showing me my own despicable conduct. But so it was; and what would I not give, could I obliterate from the page of my life this past action, so degrading to my character, and so unlike my usual proceedings! It is true, there were many circumstances widening the breach between us, and I presume that in those whisperings, conveying to us our mutual expressions, lay the chief source of the growing evil. We both imagined that we spoke from conviction, and yet it was but in anger, and we were both of us deceived. Your good and noble mind has, I know, long forgiven me; but they say that self-accusation is the surest sign of contrition, and it is thus I wanted to stand before you. Now let us draw a veil over the whole affair, taking a warning by it, that, should a difference arise between friends, they should not have recourse to a mediator, but explain face to face."

This letter was accompanied by some Variations, composed by Beethoven, upon the aria: *Se vuol ballare*, from Mozart's *Figaro*. Beethoven had dedicated them to his friend. "I could only wish," wrote he, "that the work were greater and more worthy of you. They importuned me here to publish this little work, and I improved this opportunity to give you a proof of my respect and friendship for yourself, and of an ever enduring recollection of your house. Accept the trifle, and think, when you look at it, that it comes from a friend who respects you very highly. If it only gives you pleasure, my wishes are entirely satisfied. Let it be a little revival of the time, when I spent so many and such happy hours in your house. Perhaps this work will keep me in your memory, until I come again, which, to be sure, will not be so soon. How we will enjoy ourselves then! You will then find a happier man in your friend, from whose brow time and his better fate have smoothed out the furrows of his past refractory conduct. At the close of my letter I venture one more request. I should like again to be so happy as to possess a waistcoat embroidered with Angora by your own hand. Pardon your friend this presumptuous request. It arose from a great partiality for every thing that is from your hands, and confidentially I can tell you, vanity lies at the bottom

of it, the vanity of being able to say that I possess something from one of the best, most estimable maidens in Bonn. I still have the first waistcoat, which you were so kind as to present to me in Bonn; but through the fashion it has become so unfashionable, that I can only keep it in my clothes-screen as something very dear from you. You would give me great pleasure if you would soon rejoice me with a letter. Should my letters cause you any satisfaction, I promise so far as possible to gratify you."

In relation to the Variations, which accompanied this letter, Beethoven said: "They will be somewhat difficult to play, especially the trills in the Coda. But that need not terrify you. It is so arranged, that you need do nothing but make the trills; the other notes you may leave out, since they occur also in the violin part. I never would have set anything so; but I had frequently remarked, that there was here and there some one in Vienna, who, when I had been improvising in the evening, would write down many of my peculiarities the next day, and make a show upon them. Foreseeing that such things would soon appear, I determined to anticipate them. Another reason was, to puzzle the resident pianists here. Many among them are my deadly enemies, and I wanted in this way to revenge myself upon them, since I foresaw, that here and there the Variations would be set before them, where the gentlemen would make a poor figure in attempting to perform them."

A letter of Beethoven's, written a few weeks later, described the impression made upon him by a gift from the fair friend of his youth. "I was exceedingly surprised," he says, "by the beautiful neck-tie, wrought by your hand. Pleasant as the thing was in itself, it awoke in me feelings of sadness. Its effect was the recollection of former times, and shame on my part through your magnanimous conduct towards me. Really, I did not believe that you still held me worthy of your thought. O, could you have witnessed my emotions yesterday, you surely could find no exaggeration in what I tell you now, that at the thought of you I wept and was very sad. I beg you will believe me, little as I may deserve faith in your eyes, that I have suffered very much, and do still suffer through the loss of your friendship. You and your dear mother I shall never forget. You were so kind to me, that your loss cannot and will not be so soon replaced to me. I know what I have lost, and what you were to me; but—were I to fill up this interval, I should have to go back to scenes which would be unpleasant for you to see, and for me to describe. As a slight return for your kind memento to me, I make free to send you a violin Rondo. I have a great deal to do,

or I would have written off for you the long promised Sonata. In my manuscript it is hardly more than a mere sketch. You can have the Rondo copied off, and then send me back the score. What I here send you is the only one among my things which would be useful to you, and I thought that possibly this trifle might afford you some pleasure. If it is in my power to contribute aught else to your gratification, I beg that you will not pass me by. It is the only means now left of testifying to you my gratitude for the friendship I have enjoyed."

In the above letter Beethoven had spoken of having a great deal to do. His tasks were lightened by a young man, with whose father he had stood in friendly relations in Bonn. It was FERDINAND RIES, then a youth of sixteen, who died at Frankfort on the Main in 1838, a son of the first violinist in the electoral chapel at Bonn, Franz Ries, who closed his earthly career at an advanced age in 1845. By thorough instruction Ferdinand Ries had become a clever pianist and made remarkable progress in music. With a letter of introduction from his father he went to Beethoven, whom he found busied about the completion of his oratorio: "Christ on the Mount of Olives," which was to be produced for his benefit at a concert in the theatre. Beethoven read the letter through, and said: "I cannot answer your father now. But write to him, I have not forgotten how my mother died. With that he will be satisfied." It was only some time later that Ries learned, that his father had in every way actively supported the Beethoven family, then in needy circumstances.

In the very first days Beethoven found that he could use the son of his old friend. On the day of the performance of the above-named oratorio, Beethoven sent for him at five o'clock in the morning. Ries found him still in bed, writing upon single leaves. When he asked what it was, Beethoven replied laconically: "Trombones!" So the trombones were played from those sheets. Possibly they had forgotten to copy those parts.—But it was more probably an after-thought, since Beethoven might have had the original sheets, as well as the copied ones. The rehearsal began at eight in the morning. Besides the oratorio there were also performed for the first time a Symphony of Beethoven's in D major (No. 2) and a Piano-forte Concerto. It was an extremely difficult rehearsal. By half-past two o'clock all the musicians were exhausted and more or less dissatisfied. The prince Lichnowsky, who was present from the beginning, ordered bread and butter, cold meat and wine brought in great baskeets. By that means he re-inspirited the players to rehearse the oratorio through once more. It is Beethoven's first work in this kind, said the Prince; it must be produced in a manner worthy of him. The concert began about six o'clock, but was so long that a couple of pieces were omitted.

Beethoven had given the score of the above-named Symphony in D major, in his own handwriting, to his young friend Ries. The latter remarked upon it some years afterwards: "The score showed something very striking in the *Larghetto quasi andante*. Indeed the *Larghetto* was so beautiful, conceived in so pure and friendly a spirit, and the carriage of the voices so natural, that one could scarcely imagine anything had been changed in it. The plan too was from the

beginning the same as in the later editions. But in the second violin, almost in the very first lines, in many passages a very considerable part of the accompaniment, and in some places also in the viola, had been changed; and yet all had been so carefully erased, that I could not with the utmost pains find out the original idea. I asked Beethoven about it, and he answered dryly: 'It is better so.'"

Several circumstances conspired to plunge the universally celebrated composer into a sad mood, which often bordered on despondency. It was not merely the cabals of his rivals, who envied him his fame. An essential reason of his melancholy lay in his state of health. An obstinate bowel complaint, of which the first traces had already shown themselves in the year 1796, induced a train of other disorders for him, among which his increasing hardness of hearing became an unspeakable torment, embittering all the joys of life. An extended description of his physical sufferings is contained in a letter to Dr. Wegeler, in Bonn, afterwards the husband of his former pupil, Eleonore von Breuning. After an eight year's residence in Vienna, on the 29th of June, 1800, Beethoven wrote this letter, which may serve as a pure transcript of his mode of thinking and of feeling. He opened it with self-reproaches on account of his long silence.

"How much I thank you," says he to his friend, "for thinking about me! So little have I deserved or tried to deserve from you, and yet you are so kind, you let yourself be turned away by nothing, not even by my unpardonable neglect, but remain always the faithful, sterling friend. That I could ever forget you, you who were once so dear to me, o, do not believe that! There are moments when I yearn towards you, nay when I long to pass some time with you. My fatherland, the beautiful country in which I first saw the light of the world, is still ever beautiful and clear before my eyes, as when I left you; in short, I shall regard that time as one of the happiest events of my life, when I can see you again and greet our father Rhine. When that will be, I cannot yet determine. So much I will tell you, that you will see me right great. Not greater as an artist, but better and more perfect as a man, shall you find me; and then should my fortune become somewhat better in my native land, my art shall exhibit itself only for the benefit of the poor. O happy moment! How happy I esteem myself, that I can bring thee near, that I can myself create thee!"

From the above it appears, that the very straitened circumstances, in which Beethoven lived at Bonn, had shaped themselves more favorably. "You wish to know," he writes to his friend Wegeler, "something of my situation; it is not so bad. Within the last year the prince Lichnowsky, who, if there have been little misunderstandings between us, always was and has remained my warmest friend, has set apart for me a sure sum of 600 florins, which I can draw so long as I find no suitable position. My compositions bring me in a good deal, and I can say I have more orders than I can satisfy. For every thing I have six or seven publishers, and even more, if I make a point of it. They no longer stipulate with me; I demand and they pay. You see that is a nice thing. I see for example a friend in need, and my purse does not allow me to help him immediately; I have only to set my-

self to work, and in a short time he is relieved, and then I am more economical than formerly."

[To be continued]

Objects of Musical Education, and their Time.

BY DR. A. B. MARX.

[Concluded from p. 141.]

We have already said that the pianoforte possesses an extremely voluminous literature, partly written expressly for it, and partly adaptations from other works foreign to it. What can be more natural or more enlightening than to make these works the chief means of instruction, their complete possession being one of the objects of pursuit? For this end, technical readiness, finger exercises, and studies are required. But these are manifestly only means to an end; and as certainly as their use ought not to be delayed, so certainly also they ought to be set aside when the required dexterity has been gained, and the principal difficulties overcome; or else, from a want of methodical arrangement, exercises may be prolonged without end. We cannot conceal from ourselves that in these latter times this error has been stretched to excess, and has overwhelmed us with countless studies, &c. Every respectable teacher, every distinguished amateur, considers himself bound to present the world with some dozens of studies, from which a few particular artistic forms of fingering are to be acquired. And since the composition of a well-sounding study exacts nothing but the occurrence of an idea to be worked in the ordinary routine of composition; since, moreover, a little burst of enthusiasm is highly thought of in these matters; and, further, since the brilliant playing of the author, or the reputation of his master, renders him tolerably sure of his public, we can never tell when this composition and spread of studies will come to an end: neither, indeed, can we imagine how the pupil shall find time to labor through the most respectable of them only; to say nothing of the real works of art themselves, for whose sake alone the whole drudgery has been endured.

Let the non-musical inquirer consider the foregoing as a token of good and bad instruction in the question before us.

Sebastian Bach and Handel, Joseph Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven—these are the artists to whom we owe the greatest and the most numerous works of art for the pianoforte. Among these, Bach and Beethoven stand forward, the one in elder, the other in our own times, as those who have reached the highest eminence. After them, Emanuel Bach, Clementi, Dusek, Karl Maria von Weber, Hummel, and many more may be named. We abstain from giving a more numerous list, particularly of those still living, as it is not the province of this work to pass judgment upon individuals. Upon the highest, the vast preponderance in estimation of the five first-named artists, there is not the slightest question among those who have the least tincture of art. The one may indeed be compared with the other, but the high preeminence of all is unquestioned.

We can therefore declare as a condition for good pianoforte teaching, that the works of those five eminent men* shall be considered as the

* We have to give an urgent warning with respect to Seb. Bach's work, the "Wohltemperierte Klavier," that the younger scholars are not set too early to the study of it; and that neither they nor others should be persuaded that everything that that great man has composed—often composed for momentary objects of instruction, &c.—was of equal value. Bach's manner is so different from the modern style, that we cannot without reflection employ his works. This, and the usual beginning with pianos of the most accustomed temperament, have driven more friends of art from this master than the pleasure of his music has created admirers; and, therefore, with the greatest veneration in his regard, we will not refuse to acknowledge that another portion of his works, namely his dances, have outlived their time and become antiquated. But the enlightened teacher will find in the "Six Preludes pour les communieans," in the inventions and single fantasias, namely in the English and other suites among the preludes, sarabands, jigs, &c., a rich choice of the most charming and imperishable compositions, most intimately adapted to our tastes and feelings, and highly calculated to produce both pleasure and improvement in his scholars. We would

distinguished and governing lessons in the instruction. Whatever finger exercises, hand lessons or secondary work, a teacher may find necessary for his pupil, must be left to his decision, as it cannot be estimated. But the teacher who does not conduct his pupil into the study of the five great masters, as soon as it can be done with any precision, and the time of the lesson permits it, and does not make them the chief object and goal of the instruction, such a teacher, we say it without hesitation, is not able to give a true artistic education, however clever and careful he may be in other parts of his duty. Teachers who keep their pupils to fashionable dances and such trifles, to arrangements from favorite operas, &c., are altogether unworthy of the confidence of those who seek for genuine education in art. Therefore, no teacher ought to be chosen without the previous knowledge of his method of instruction.

Pianoforte learning may begin very early—in the seventh or eighth year, or even earlier, even before the hand can span the octave. There is, moreover, a sufficiency of excellent works of Haydn and Mozart, well adapted to the sensibilities of that tender age, if the teacher be but capable of choosing them.

III. COMPOSITION.

We name the study of composition as the third object of general musical education. Deep penetration into art and its productions, a rich development of musical talent, cannot be attained without this study. If it be undertaken in the right sense, it rewards every step forwards with clearer insight and increased pleasure; and, indeed, those also who are not destined by peculiar talents to the profession of composers.

This circumstance demands the more deliberate consideration, the more imperfect and erroneous the representations are which have been attached to it.

Music consists, as can be seen from this book, in an inward comprehension of innumerable most diversified forms, constantly approaching and separating, perpetually combining and dissolving in each other. Their operation can be perceived, more or less, without previous cultivation, and can be understood and represented by a superficial instruction; but to comprehend them entirely, to penetrate into their whole nature and attributions, is to know the meaning and force of each form by itself, and also when in combination with every other. Now, let us imagine a great composition before us, in which different parts are united in the most varied manner, in all sorts of artistic forms, each part having its cantilena, its rhythm, its succession of *tones*, while each *tone* has a determined relation to the *tones* of the other parts, and with all this are combined different degrees and kinds of motion, of *forte* or *piano*, and of manner of performance. Now, we say, with such a composition before us, we presume it will be admitted that without study such a composition could not be understood, and that the study for that object must be thorough, systematic, and methodical.

Let us suppose for a moment that any one unaccustomed to composition undertook the division of the above imagined work. Then would he be overwhelmed with an intolerable burden of unities. The completion of his task would be impossible, were it only from the creation of new forms and applications of them which daily takes place in art.

The only ready, practicable, and fruitful procedure is, therefore, to set one's own hand to work, to learn oneself how to bring the forms from out the world of sound, to "call the spirits from the vasty deep," to learn to feel the rhythm of the

here wish to recommend the new collective edition of Bach's works, at Peter's in Leipzig. As an Introductory School for conducting from our own time and manner into those of Bach, which are so importantly different, and for primary instruction in polyphonic playing, the Author has published a selection from Seb. Bach's compositions, at Challier's in Berlin, at 20 Sgr.

The above warning may also apply to Handel, whose works, however, for the piano, are not numerous. We can recommend his Six Fugues and a Capriccio, at Trautwein's, in Berlin, for more advanced students.

forms, so that all present and future forms shall be within our scope and comprehension, because we have grasped the root of their existence—because we know how they have come into existence, and why. This is the doctrine of composition teaches us. This science alone gives us, not abstract ideas upon art—not merely superficial notions upon the operations of art—not a few cut out dead parts, but the whole entire, with all its individualities, and in its unity, matter, and spirit, form and meaning, in that single entirety which is the material of true art.

We may add, from a large experience of every age and of both sexes, that the study of composition, without any proportionate loss of time, even for amateurs, most surely rewards every step, even when but small disposition exists in the student, or when circumstances prevent a lengthened pursuit of the subject. The first few lessons in one-part* compositions will at once awaken the sense for melody, and give a significant idea of its fundamental forms, of the efficacy of rhythm, and of the origin and accumulation of passages and phrases. Already the doctrine, so comprehensive and so easily comprehended, of the two and two composition in two parts, built upon the natural harmony, makes the foundation of all harmony and tonic progression perfectly obvious, and furnishes to moderately endowed students, pleasurable and exciting lessons. So much can be acquired in two or three weeks, with a couple of lessons a week and but little exertion; and, moreover, we might abandon our studies at this point, without having lost our labor. Then the gradual development of harmony and the richer progression of parts, will have, in the mere inspection, the charm of a perfectly rational and highly copious display, from the most simple fundamental forms and the most obvious laws. But to any one who enters upon this pursuit with inbred activity, to such a one the regions of sound are illuminated and extended with every effort,—the sense of music is vivified, excited and strengthened by every fresh manifestation of the internal art. Now, with the knowledge of the limitation of chords, freedom in the unfolding of art returns, and her play becomes continually richer and more variegated. Then all artistic forms are imagined and explained, the one from the other—the order of the succession being pre-supposed—the one quite as easy as the other, until, finally, their realization on determined instruments or in song, in ecclesiastical, dramatic, and other objects of our art, completes the whole study. At any point the study may be relinquished with profit, in proportion to the labor bestowed, if circumstances should so command, or the zeal of the student should not urge him to further investigation.

The study of composition may begin early, particularly with talented and lively children, but not before they have made some progress upon a musical instrument,—if possible the pianoforte, and have thereby gained some participation in and capacity for art, and also more penetration and habits of reflection. They ought at least to have got beyond the elementary exercises, and be able to play with feeling and technical correctness larger works, such as, for example, the sonatas of Haydn and Mozart. Instruction in composition

*The author has conformed himself here to the tenor and tendency of his *Doctrine of Musical Composition* (*Lehre von der Musikalischen Komposition*), at Breitkopf and Härtel. How little can the above assurance be given by the old thorough-base and doctrine of harmony; how unartistic is it in foundation and method, how extremely incomplete and unsatisfactory! This the author has exemplified from time to time in the *Instruction for Composition*, but more demonstratively in the work "Die alte Musiklehre im Streit mit unsrer Zeit" (the old *Doctrine of Music* in contention with our times), at Breitkopf and Härtel, 1841,—as had been acknowledged and declared long enough before him by Reicha and every thinking professor of composition. The indifference of so many old masters, or the ignorance of masters absolutely unacquainted with the real nature of composition, is still answerable for the painful and useless labor of many young persons. Many such, indeed, are still enduring in the continually disappointed hope that they will at last, some day, arrive at composition, or at least at a clearer insight into the nature of art; they endure until the time has passed, and with it all pleasure and natural feeling, which either dies away or becomes corrupted.

at an earlier period than this would be mere empty playing; or, what is much worse, would disturb, in the still unself-supporting scholar, the free and immediate enjoyment of the compositions lying before him; and thrust in the place of lively, soul-inspiring, artistic employment, cold and profitless mechanism of the understanding. This is one of the greatest errors of a system pursued in many shapes, of instruction in the piano and harmony combined, which apparently advances the students through an intricate mechanism with great rapidity, but at the cost of the feeling of music itself, which remains undeveloped, and becomes, indeed, oppressed and stifled by the disturbance of the understanding, and the mechanism which that system brings into action. The true joy of art and artistic accomplishment becomes the more surely destroyed thereby,—the more deceptive to the observer is the joy of the scholar at his mechanical success,—and the more his sudden progress in certain parts of music is in the beginning inexplicable to the uninstructed.

We consider thus much to be necessary upon general education. The choice of other instruments may be left to each individual, under the advice of the better-informed. The science and history of music must in like manner be left to the disposition and leisure of every friend of art. The composer, and particularly the well-educated musician, will scarcely be able to restrain himself from the history of his art, not merely from books, but from the works of art themselves.

Descriptive Music.

[Concluded.]

Far be it from us, therefore, to deny that descriptive music may be made a noble thing; but what we complain of is, that it is running wild, or at least the musical world are running wild after it. We only wish we could persuade some of the gifted modern composers, who waste their time in representing the unrepresentable, just to try the experiment of writing a little music, which should, like Mozart's *Symphonies*, be innocent of meaning; and, though they might not find the task easy, we would back its success very strongly.

It is an open question, which deserves more investigation than it has yet received, how far music is legitimately capable of expressing ideas lying out of the proper domain of sound; that it is so to a certain extent is undeniable; but this extent is much more limited than is usually supposed, as may be evident by the fact of the exceeding *indefiniteness* of the representations produced. For, if we examine closely into the working, on the mind, of any descriptive piece of instrumental music, we shall find that by far the greater portion of its efficiency is due to our own fancy, and very little to the suggestive power of the music itself. It is easy enough, when we are told beforehand the programme of a composition, to identify, or rather to imagine we can identify, its descriptions; but let any descriptive symphony or overture, even of the highest class, be played to a person ignorant of its name or intention, and see the result of his endeavors to make out its meaning. We once heard a magnate of a provincial festival (where Mendelssohn had just succeeded Neukomm in favor) declare he could distinctly trace, in the *Wedding March*, the exact point where the ring was put on; but for our own part we failed to discover any hymeneal character in it, except, perhaps, the frequent and prominent discords! The most contradictory guesses are made, even by eminent musical critics, as to the meaning of compositions; and we think this very fact might warrant the inference that the meaning so anxiously pursued might be, after all, an *ignis fatuus*—the composition never having been intended by the composer to bear any meaning at all. And often, when an explanatory programme is given, the case is not much better; for we have remarked the perplexity of hearers listening to a romantic composition of the modern school with a long sheet of explanation in their hands, and trying their utmost, but in vain, to make out what part of the scene is being played! And we have been almost profanely reminded of the reply of the showman, when asked inconvenient questions

by his juvenile spectators as to which parts of his picture he was describing.

It is probable that music may be only really capable of describing facts, through the medium of sensations appertaining to them; which sensations are producible also by musical compositions. Thus, for instance, an impression of liveliness or solemnity conveyed by music, may correspond with feelings of the same nature excited by certain objects or certain scenes; and so may seem to *describe* such objects or scenes; whereas in reality it only results from certain subjective qualities of them. Hence, if the hearer is told *what* the music refers to, he may probably succeed in tracing the description; but if not, he may altogether fail in divining *what* is intended to be described.

However this may be, there is no doubt that descriptive music is good and commendable, so far as it is kept in bounds; it may call forth much skill and talent; and where a thorough appreciation of the aesthetic character of music exists, it may tend to results of high merit. But to say that all good music *must* be descriptive, because some good music happens to be so, is illogical in the extreme; for by far the greater part of our most esteemed instrumental compositions are of such a character that it is impossible to imagine any consistent programme for them, except by resorting to the wildest rhapsodies of modern German enthusiasm.

And it needs but little argument to show that non-descriptive music, at least in the instrumental form, is of a purer and nobler order than descriptive. The latter depends for its interest partly on an element foreign to the essential nature of the art; for music, strictly speaking, is intended to give pleasure by combinations of sound only; and when the descriptive element is introduced, the composition becomes no longer pure music, but, to a certain extent, a combination of music and drama. But a work to which no programme is attached, must please by its merit as a pure musical composition, standing independently on its phonetic qualities, and unaided by any foreign associations; and we think it may be taken for granted, that the composer who excels in works of this nature shows more true command of his art than he who owes half his success to the embodiment in his composition of some tangible scene or extraneous idea.

It will now, we trust, be seen that we were in sober earnest when we stated that Mozart's instrumental compositions were enhanced in musical worth by their *having no meaning*. Nobody could write descriptive music better than Mozart, when he pleased, as all the world knows; but he did not think that Symphonies, Quartets, and Quintets were the proper field to display this talent upon; and, consequently, in these he confined himself to pure, unadulterated, essential, abstract, *music*. We are not aware that, throughout the whole range of these strictly instrumental compositions, there is any attempt to introduce or suggest a descriptive feature, extraneous meaning, or non-musical idea of any kind whatever. And this is one reason why they form such admirable examples for study. To those who seek intellectual gratification only, the genius of Beethoven may be more captivating; but for solid benefit and practical improvement in composition, there is no school like Mozart, whose works are truly a 'pure well of music, undefined.'—*Lon. Mus. World.*

Verdi.

A Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, apropos of the performance of the "Sicilian Vespers" on the occasion of the baptism of the imperial baby, gives the following sketch of this popular composer's life.

Verdi, the author of the "Sicilian Vespers," is more than forty years of age. He was born in the Duchy of Parma, at Brussetto, a place so small that it does not figure on the map. His parents were poor peasants, who had not even the means to teach him to read. In Italy, and particularly in the country, the knowledge of reading

is an acquirement and a luxury which benefits no one. But Verdi was unlike his compatriots. The curate of his village took a sudden friendship for him, and taught him all he knew, to wit: reading, writing and music. In a few years the pupil became more learned than his master. He composed military marches and church music, to the great astonishment, admiration and delight of the good curate. Verdi felt his vocation—he left his village, started for Milan, and there, poor, unknown and without protection, he toiled night and day. He subsisted for some time giving music lessons at twenty cents, when destiny brought him in contact with Merelli, the great *impresario*. Merelli proposed to him the composition of a partition for the *Scala*, the first theatre of Milan, and gave him the poem of *Oberto di San Bonifacio*. In Italy, musicians and operas are in such great requisition that the directors often times give themselves up to luck for new operas and productions. They are obliged, sometimes, to have recourse to some unknown composer. If he succeeds, they pay his services with glory; if he fails, they lay him aside to try another. The only difficulty is that experienced by the artistic corps, who have uselessly wasted their time and talents to study works destined to be reproduced no more. *Oberto di San Bonifacio* succeeded admirably, and, as was to be expected, Verdi did not make one cent out of it. Merelli ordered him a second work, *Un Giorno di Regno*, (the reign of one day,) but the violent grief which, at the time, he had conceived at the loss of his wife, whom he adored to distraction, dried up the wells of his wit and inspiration. It is the only work of Verdi which did not take. He did not, however, allow himself to become discouraged.—He had tasted the sweetness of success and of applause, and he began to prepare himself for greater triumphs. Convinced that a musical composer, beside a study and knowledge of the great masters of music, should be deeply versed in the study and knowledge of the great masters in poetry and literature of all times and countries, he condemned himself to a forced labor. He studied, at the same time, Corneille, Hugo, Lamartine, Schiller, Goethe, Shakspere, and Dante; and with that perseverance and strength of will characteristic of genius, he felt himself, at length, able to put on the lips of heroes and of nations the musical words which suited each.

Merelli comprehended well the cause of the *fiasco* which had attended the production of *Un Giorno*. He therefore did not hesitate to offer him the poem of *Nabucco*, which he had previously offered without success to several musical composers. Verdi felt the grandeur of the subject.—He treated it in a masterly manner. His success was immense; it gave him more gold than glory—two thousand francs, perhaps. His fortune was secure. From that moment all the directors were at his feet, but Merelli obtained the preference. Verdi composed for the *Scala* the opera of *I Lombardi*, which was more applauded than his previous work; and which yielded him ten thousand francs. Then came *Ernani*, which was represented at the *Fenice*, in Venice; *I Due Foscari*, at Rome, in the Apollo theatre. His genius authorised him to dictate conditions to the directors. In the midst of the *furore* produced by his masterpieces and his glory, he never lost sight of the great object he had in view, viz.: to purchase the cottage in which he was born and to establish around it a vast domain. With the proceeds of *Nabucco* he purchased the cot, and by means of his other operas property which is not less, at present, than nine miles in extent. His great pleasure consists in living upon his lands, in the midst of his peasants, who all know by heart the finest pieces in his operas. At Brussetto the reapers perform their work singing the chorus of *Rigoletto*, *Ernani*, of *La Traviata*, and the *Trovatore*.

Endowed with a scientific but *brusque* disposition, Verdi does not love the contact of the world, and studiously avoids all public honors. After the production of his opera, *La Jerusalem*, which was acted for the first time in Paris, he received the cross of the Legion of Honor, and after that of the *Sicilian Vespers*, the cross of officer—dis-

tinctions awarded to him without his knowledge or solicitation. He might have had the cross of Parma, which had been conferred upon the most insignificant composers, had he only applied for it, but he disdained to do so. Even the situation of Master of the Emperor's Chapel at Vienna, which has been repeatedly tendered to him, he flatly refused. His art supplies all his wants.—Early in the morning he sits at the piano—he commences over again, if necessary, the same passages, until he is perfectly satisfied with the performance. He does not compose with facility, and his works bear more or less the marks of the midnight lamp. It will take him hours to master the difficulties of a simple note, and to elaborate a single air according to his fancy.

SUMMER.

BY REV. RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

I.

Now seems all Nature to conspire,
As to dissolve the world in fire—

II.

Which dies among its odorous sweets,
A Phoenix on its funeral-pyre.

III.

Simoom breathes hotly from the waste,
The green earth quits its green attire :

IV.

Floats o'er the plain the liquid heat,
Cheating the traveller's strong desire—

V.

Illusion fair of lake and stream,
Receding as he draweth nigher.

VI.

Ice is more precious now than gold,
Snow more than silver men desire,

VII.

'Tis far to seek unfailing wells
For tender maid or aged sire :

VIII.

Men know the worth of water now,
And learn to prize God's blessing higher;

IX.

The shallow pools have disappeared,
Caked into iron is the mire. *

X.

Through clouds of dust the crimson sun
Glares on the earth in lurid ire :

XI.

The parched earth with thirsty lips
Is gasping, ready to expire.

XII.

Oh, happy, who by liquid streams
In shady gardens can retire—

XIII.

Where murmuring falls and whispering trees
Sweet slumber to invite conspire :

XIV.

Or where he may deceive the time
With volume sage, or pensive lyre.

A BATH AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.—The *Independent* of last week contained a "Star Paper," from HENRY WARD BEECHER, descriptive of "A time at the White Mountains." The following is as good as iced Champagne in these hot dog-days.

Reaching the hotel in due season, tired and sweaty, a bath must be had. We went toward the Notch, and turning to the right at the first little stream that let itself down from the mountains, we sought the pools in which we knew such streams kept their sweetest thoughts, expressing them by trout. The only difficulty was in the selection. This pool was deep, rock-rimmed, transparent, gravel-bottomed. The next was level-edged and rock-bottomed, but received its water with such a gush that it whirled around the basin in a liquid dance of bubbles. The next one received a divided stream, one part coming over

a shelving rock and sheeting down in white, while the other portion fell into a hollow murmuring crevice, and came gurgling forth from a half-dark channel. Half way down, the rock was smooth and pleasant to the feet. In the deepest part was fine gravel and powdered mountain, commonly called sand. The waters left the pool even more beautifully than they entered it; for the rock had been rounded and grooved, so that it gave a channel like the finest moulded lip of a water vase; and the moss, beginning below, had crept up into the very throat of the passage, and lined it completely, giving to the clear water a green hue as it rushed through, whirling itself into a plexus of cords, or a kind of pulsating braid of water. This was my pool. It waited for me. How deliciously it opened its flood to my coming. It rushed up to every pore, and sheeted my skin with an aqueous covering, prepared in the mountain waterlooms. Ah, the coldness! Every drop was molten hail. It was the very brother of ice. At a mere hint of winter it would change to ice again! If the crystal nook was such a surprise of delight to me, what must I have been to it, that had, perhaps, never been invaded, unless by the lip of a moose, or by the lithe and spotted form of sylvan trout! The drops and bubbles ran up to me and broke about my neck, and ran laughing away, frolicking over the mossy margin, and I could hear them laughing all the way down below. Such a monster had never, perhaps, taken covert in the pure, pellucid bowl before!

But this was the centre-part. Not less memorable was the fringe. The trees hung in the air on either side, and stretched their green leaves for a roof far above. The birch and alder, with here and there a silver fir, in bush form, edged the rocks on either side. As you looked up the stream, there opened an ascending avenue of cascades, dripping rocks, bearded with moss, crevices filled with grass or dwarfed shrubs, until the whole was swallowed up in the leaves and trees far above. But if you turned down the stream, then through a lane of richest green, stood the open sky, and lifted up against it thousands of feet, Mount Willard, rocky and rent, or with but here and there a remnant of evergreens sharp and ragged. The sun was behind it and poured against its farther side his whole tide of light, which lapped over as a stream dashes over its bounds and spills its waters beyond. So it stood over against this ocean of atmospheric gold, banked huge and rude, against a most resplendent heaven!

As I stood donning my last articles of raiment, and wringing my over-wet hair, I saw a trout move very deliberately out from under a rock by which I had lain, and walk quietly across to the other side. As he entered the crevice, a smaller one left it and came as demurely across to his rock. It was evident that the old people had sent them out to see if the coast was clear, and whether any damage had been done. Probably it was thought that there had been a *slide* in the mountain, and that a huge icicle or lump of snow had plunged into their pool and melted away there. If there are piscatory philosophers below water half as wise as those above, this would be a very fair theory of the disturbance to which their mountain homestead had been subjected. As I had eaten of their salt, of course I respected the laws of hospitality, and no deceptive fly of mine shall ever tempt trout in a brook which begets pools so lovely, and in pools that yield themselves with such delicious embrace to the pleasures of a mountain bath.

And so, as the sun was gone, it was time for me to go. Step by step I climbed the moss carpeted rocks; slipped in due degree, leaped the wide-set stones, got caught on the dead branches of the cedar, climbed astride over the birch, and reached the road.

MUSICAL CONSERVATORIUMS in Germany are now becoming as plentiful as other educational institutions; and even the little kingdom of Saxony, with its two million of inhabitants, has had the courage to found a second institution for cultivating the art of music. The one which Mendelssohn founded at Leipzig has acquired European fame. That lately

established at Dresden has still to attain honor. The institution is, I believe, an exclusively private undertaking, but its views are purely artistic, as it intends only to teach and encourage the study of "classical music." Persons of both sexes are admitted, whether they intend studying the art as a profession or otherwise; nor is it absolutely necessary they should have acquired even the rudiments of a musical education. The pupil can be taught the pianoforte, organ, singing, and any two orchestral instruments he wishes, either string or wind, besides chorus singing, declamation, harmony, counterpoint, and composition. Lectures are given on the history of music; playing at sight, both in single parts and in full score, is practised; orchestral music, duos, trios, quartets for piano, with or without other instruments, is also taught. The active director of the whole scheme is M. Trostler, who has gained some repute in this town as a violin player. The committee of management selected are—MM. Charles Mayer, Franz Schubert, Julius Otto, and Schneider. M. Charles Mayer is at the head of the pianoforte, and M. Schubert, concert master at the Theatre Royal, at the head of the violin instructors. The rest of the teachers are men of talent; and it is to be hoped that the undertaking will meet with encouragement.

MUSIC AT SHIRLEY CHASE.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

"The most valuable collections of 'catches, rounds and canons, for three or four voices,' were cautiously circulated during the Protectorate; and deep in the retirement of many such a house as Woodstock the prayers for the Restoration and the practice of 'profane music' were kept up together."

"The merry monarch loved a tune, and small blame to him."—*Quarterly Review.*

I.

Cavalier music! Shirley Chase,
Hidden deep amid oak-trees royal,
Is the noble home of a knightly race
Old as the oak-trees—proud and loyal.
Snow has fallen on the White King's bier—
Cromwell lords it, late and early,
But as yet his troopers come not here:
At home in his hall sits Sir Everard Shirley.

II.

Moonlight pours through the painted oriel,
Firelight flickers on pictured walls;
Full of solemn and sad memorials
Is the room where that mingled glimmer falls.
There is the banner of Arthur Shirley,
Who died for Charles on a misty wold:
There is his portrait—an infant curly—
Whose corse in an unknown grave lies cold.

III.

Hot and sudden swoop'd Rupert's horse
Down on the villainous Roundhead churls,
But they left young Arthur a mangled corse,
With the red mire clotting his chestnut curls:
Only son of an ancient race
As any that dwells in England's realm—
Ah, a shadow sleeps on Sir Everard's face
When he thinks of his soldier's snow-plumed helm.

IV.

Madrigal music fills the room
With a spring-like beauty and delicate grace:
Vanishes half their weary gloom
As Harry St. Osyth's manly bass
And Maud's soprano and Amy in alt
Mingle like streams on a verdurous shore;
But memory sets them once at fault
As they think of the tenor that's heard no more.

V.

After, a rare old English glee,
Humorous, eloquent, daring, buoyant,
Rings through the chamber, strong and free,
And shakes the million'd panes flamboyant:
Merry music of olden time
Gaily defying the Cromwell-manacle,
Stoutly rebelling in hearty rhyme
'Gainst cant and heresy puritanical,

VI.

Then Amy down to the organ sits,
And a pleasant prelude sounds sonorous
As over the keys her white hand flits,
And a Latin canon claims their chorus.
Not in the great cathedrals now
Does saintly song as of yore find place:
But it smooths awhile the furrow'd brow
Of the sad old master of Shirley Chase.

But the King shall have his own again—
Merry King Charles o'er the stormy water:
Then shall ye hear an easier strain,
A gayer music, Joy's own daughter.
Melody then shall dance right merrily—
Beauty undreamt-of, endless grace,
Shall sound through the air of England, verily,
And flood the chambers of Sir Shirley Chase.
—*Dublin University Magazine.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 9, 1856.

Beethoven Literature.

It speaks well for human nature, that whoever in any department of intellectual exertion far outstrips his contemporaries, making his mark deeply upon the progress of his race in science, art, literature, politics, jurisprudence, or war, thereby renders himself the topic of so many pens—the cause of so much shedding of ink. What an immense field of our literature is that devoted to biography, to the sayings and doings of great men, to the discussion of their works, their opinions, their feelings, their intentions! Look at Napoleon, Wellington, Washington, Franklin, Webster, Raphael, Mozart, Michael Angelo, Goethe, Shakspeare, Dr. Johnson, and numberless others.

Beethoven was born eighty-six years ago. For fifty years he has been the mark for critics, the hero of story-tellers, and the subject of biographers. We have at various times called attention in our columns to the absurdities written by admirers of his music in the form of novelettes and tales, in which real circumstances in his history have been twisted to their fanciful purposes, the origin of the peculiar expression of certain of his works being fantastically explained, or in which stories have been told, utterly without foundation, except in the imaginations of the writers. We propose to give our readers at this time a short review of the sources from which the future biographer of the great master can draw his materials.

The first and most natural source to which he will turn is the periodical musical literature of his time and country. The earliest notice of Beethoven in a printed work, unless we except the dedication by "Ludwig van Beethoven, aged eleven years," of his first published work, to his protector, the Elector and Archbishop of Cologne, is to be found in a musical magazine published in Hamburg, by a certain Cramer, in 1782-3. This work, of which we know but two or three copies in existence, contains a letter from Christian Gottlob Neefe upon Music and Musicians in Bonn, in which he speaks of his remarkable pupil, then about thirteen years of age. Soon after this date the annual Electoral Almanacs begin to give the name of the composer as assistant Court organist and member of the orchestra. (He played viola.)

The *Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* began to be published in the year 1798, and during the fifty years of its existence there is not a volume which does not contain something which throws light upon the history of the composer and the success of his works. This is perhaps the most valuable musical periodical ever published, and as it covers the space of time from 1798 to 1848, must be made familiar by any one who will

write upon the music of this century. Less important, though hardly so, are the twenty odd volumes of "Cæcilia," edited by Godfried Weber, at Mayence, with the exception of the last few volumes, which appeared under the auspices of the indefatigable and accurate Dehn. General letters and many notices of Beethoven adorn the columns of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, begun by Schumann about 1835(?), and by other editors still continued. Marx's *Berliner Musik Zeitung*, 1823-28, gives some valuable facts. By the way, the piano-forte piece called "Dernière pensée musicale de Beethoven," was furnished Marx by the composer, and printed in the *Zeitung* more than three years before his death. The *Wiener Musik Zeitung*, edited at one time by Kanne, an acquaintance of Beethoven, covers a space of several years beginning about 1816, and has considerable value, though less than might be expected from a sheet published in the city where the composer lived and died.

The *Leipziger Repertorium*, of which only two volumes appeared, contains much that is very valuable and interesting from Schindler's pen. These are the more valuable periodicals to the biographer of Beethoven. Besides these, of less value, but not to be overlooked by one who desires to be thorough, are the volumes of Reichardt, (Berlin, 1805-6,) the two musical papers now published at Cologne, one at Mainz, two in Berlin, and especially certain musical and theatrical periodicals of more or less recent date, published at Vienna. Others also have come under our notice, from which something is to be gained.

The *Kölner Zeitung*—the famous Cologne Gazette, a news and political daily paper—contained a long controversy in 1835-6 upon the question whether Beethoven was born in the Rheingasse or the Bonngasse at Bonn; from this controversy many facts and anecdotes of Beethoven's childhood may be drawn, and from it we are enabled to correct a minor statement in our translation of Döring last week in regard to the age at which the little Ludwig was put to the pianoforte for practice by his father. Two old gentlemen, one a mayor of Bonn, the other Beethoven's friend Wegeler, recollecting seeing the child . . . age of three years standing at the instrument, and practising, with the tears running down his little cheeks.

The second source to which the biographer will naturally look, is musical lexicography. In the case of living musicians, a dictionary of musical science and biography is of value, both for the facts contained, and because of the discussions which doubtful points awaken. In the present case there are two such lexicons which possess value—Gerber's and Schilling's—Fétis's is valueless. Gerber published his first two volumes about 1790-92; his four additional volumes in 1812-14. He appears to have applied directly to Beethoven for information, though of this we are not certain. The article in Schilling, written probably by Marx, was founded apparently upon Gerber, and continued from other sources, and so far as it goes is quite reliable.

The third source is the biography proper of the composer. Setting of course the sketches to be found in periodicals aside, we have the following works of this class.

Immediately after the decease of the great composer, a certain Aloys Schlosser published a little work, which is of about the same value to the

biographer, as a campaign life of Scott to the future historian of the United States—possibly less; we will waste no space upon it. Another small work called out by the death of the composer, was "Beethoven's Tod" by his friend Kanne—a work of which we have not yet been able to find a copy. The most valuable work upon the early history of Beethoven, is one published at Coblenz in 1838, in two parts, viz: "Biographische Notizen ueber Ludwig van Beethoven," by Dr. Wegeler and Ferdinand Ries. Wegeler knew the boy Ludwig, was the intimate friend of the young man Beethoven, and the correspondent of the great master in after years. In his "Notizen" he gives particular and precise information in relation to the circumstances of his friend's family and to the first years in Vienna. Several letters of Beethoven to him are among the most valuable which remain from the master's hand.—The second part contains the recollections of Ries, who was Beethoven's pupil, and many letters and notes addressed to him. In 1845 Dr. Wegeler published an appendix to the *Notizen*, containing several valuable and important matters for the future student of Beethoven's history.

In 1840 appeared Schindler's Biography. Few books have been so censured for their shortcomings as this. No reader can arise from its perusal without feelings of strong indignation at the small amount of information given within its pages.* It must be stated to the credit of Schindler that this was not entirely his fault.—The book known in English as "Moscheles' Life of Beethoven," is but a translation of Schindler, with an appendix consisting mostly of translations from the work of Wegeler and Ries. We should have mentioned before that in one or two instances Ries' memory failed him, and his anecdotes (in these particular cases) are not quite correct. He died before their publication, and probably never had opportunity of giving them a due version.

Afixed to the work known as *Beethoven's Studien*, also published in English—"Beethoven's Studies"—is a short notice of the composer by Ritter von Seyfried. Seyfried was an old Vienna acquaintance of Beethoven, and Kapellmeister of the "Theatre an der Wien" where 'Fidelio' was first given. We are sorry to say that his memory of events, which transpired twenty-five and thirty years before he wrote, was not always exact and correct. Still Seyfried gives us some valuable facts, and quite a number of interesting letters by Beethoven. More recently Lenz has given the public two works, one upon Beethoven's writings, in which we find little more than a catalogue, with extracts from Schindler and the *Leipziger allg. Mus. Zeitung*, and also Lenz' opinions, and the other a biographical study, which is little more than a rehash of Schindler, Wegeler and Ries, with a few absurd stories from the periodicals of the day. Our journal has already noticed some of the errors of the first volume of this work. These are the principal works in this department of the Beethoven literature.

We have yet to name one other source of knowledge about Beethoven, which we shall consider in our next.

* Our "Diarist" asked Schindler why it was that he gave so little? "Because," said he, "the publisher refused to print more than eighteen sheets!"

Musical Review.

SHEET MUSIC.

(Published by Oliver Ditson.)

Twelve Two-Part Songs, by Kück, Abt, Mendelssohn, and others. No. 3. "Gondola Duet": O come to me, by KÜCK. pp. 9.

A beautiful duet, for two sopranos, or soprano and bass, with a gently flowing movement, in G minor. Words German and English.

Gaily through life wander, (Libiamo ne' lieti calici); the Brindisi from *La Traviata*, by VERDI. Words Italian and English.

A gay and easy little melody in waltz time; pretty enough, but tame compared with some of those dashing drinking songs of Verdi, not to speak of Donizetti's, in *Lucrezia Borgia*.

Deh prendi un dolce amplesso. (We part, we part.) Duettino from *Mozart's Clemenza di Tito*. pp. 5.

Another number of Wesley's arrangements of "Favorite Songs, Duets and Trios of Mozart." This is a lovely duet, without much pretension, sweet, simple, serious, and brief. It has been ascribed, like several of the minor pieces in that opera, to Mozart's pupil, Süssmayer.

Ti guida a palma nobile, (The path that lies before thee): Terzetto from *Mozart's Magic Flute.* pp. 5.

This appears as a number of the "Harp of Italy," though it is properly a string taken (or rather a vibration from a string) from the Harp of Germany.—It is a trio of sopranos, a strain of exhortation addressed by the "Three Ladies" to the young hero Tamino, whose tenor voice once intervenes in a bit of solo, easily sung by the third voice. Of course very beautiful.

Wayside Flowers of France and Italy, translated and adapted by THEO. T. BARKER. No. 1. *La Manola*, by PAUL HENRION. pp. 5.

This is a charming little French song, to a Spanish subject: *De l'Aragon, de la Castille, &c.*, and with a sparkling, piquant, half sentimental, half coquettish sort of Spanish melody. A Spanish invitation to the dance, reaching a climax in the ecstatic thought of the *Jota Aragonesa*.

Musir Abroad.

London.

The season is drawing to a close. It has been a more than usually eventful one. Such a gathering of great artists has rarely been witnessed in one year, and never except in "unmusical London." Mr. Ella never tires of admonishing us that (except at the Musical Union) there is no Music in England, and that the eager connoisseur must betake himself to Vienna, Berlin, Paris, or some other great town on the continent, to enjoy the manifestations of his beloved art. Nevertheless we have visited nearly all these boasted marts of harmony, and never heard so much music (or so good) in any of them as in London.

What have we not heard this season? To begin with the concerts of Jenny Lind at Exeter Hall and the Hanover Square Rooms. Where else could this greatly renowned and most charitable of public characters be heard so many times in succession?—and with her husband, Herr Otto Goldschmidt, to boot, who knows all "the Concertos?" Then we have had two Italian Operas. At the one the *vieille garde*—the still unrivaled troop—with Grisi, Mario, Bosio, and Ronconi at their head; at the other, the new revelations of little Piccolomini and big Joanna Wagner, with the incomparable Alboni to bring up the rear. Any one—or at least any two—of these singers would have sufficed to give "the season" *éclat* in a continental town. But we have had them all at once, and many others in the bargain, whom, however talented and respectable, it is not necessary to specify by name.

We have had also two Philharmonic Societies—the "Old" resuscitated, as it were, by Dr. Sterndale Bennett, the "New" manfully and successfully striving under the guidance of Benedict and Dr. Wyde. We have thus had symphonies and concertos, overtures and what-not, to our heart's content. Pianists have swarmed among us—first rate pianists, like Clara (Wieck) Schumann, Sterndale Bennett, Charles Halle, Alexander Bilet, Arabella Goddard,—to say nothing of a host of minor stars, all struggling for a hearing, and few of them getting it (at the Musical Union). For violinists it is sufficient to name Ernst,

Sivori, Molique—since the “*et ceteras*” would take up too long a space. With Piatti as Violoncello, and Bottesini (better late than never) as double-bass, we need scarcely enlarge the list—both being inimitable.

The unknown artists who have paid us visits this year are too many to count them.

And what a legion of concerts have sprung out of this *embarras de richesses*!—concerts entirely independent of the “societies,” whether Philharmonic or Sacred Harmonic, of St. Martin’s Hall and Mr. Hullah, who brought out a new oratorio (*Rheinthal’s Jephthah*) and of the stereotyped benefit performances under well-known names. Out of all this novelty, however, it cannot be said that music has gained much. We are still waiting for a composer—since neither Herr Rheinthal nor Señor Yradier will suffice, even with the recommendation of the *Athenaeum*. The oratorio of the first is dry and unimaginative; the Spanish romances of the last are trifles, all of a color—when you have heard one of them you have heard the rest.

The single new opera which has been given this season—*La Traviata*—is the weakest of its composer; and though it brought with it a young, fresh, and charming actress, full to overflowing of enthusiasm and promise, it did not present us with what may yet be denominated a *singer*.

Musically speaking, what, then, have been the facts of the season 1856? Dr. Schumann’s “Paradise and Peri,” at the elder Philharmonic, was less a “fact” than a falsehood. Dr. Wyld’s “Paradise Lost” remains unfinished; and though two fine works of Mozart were disinterred, they were too ill performed to be successful. The only offering of the New Philharmonic, therefore, was Dr. Schumann’s piano-forte concerto, which, although played *con amore* by his clever and interesting wife, was very properly declined by those critics who attempt with more or less success to direct public opinion. We have thus to thank the Philharmonic Societies for Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt—and nothing else? Yes, we are grateful to the directors of the ancient Society for allowing their subscribers an opportunity of hearing and applauding a masterpiece composed by an English musician, and performed by an English pianist. To us, we own, one of the most interesting events of the year was the performance of Dr. Bennett’s concerto in C minor, by Miss Arabella Goddard.

To turn to the Sacred Harmonic. That great Society has introduced Mr. Costa’s *Eli* to London; but with the committee of the Birmingham rests the credit of having suggested and first produced that very popular work in public. The Sacred Harmonic has otherwise been content to follow in the beaten path it had trod so long.

Beethoven’s later compositions are winning their way slowly but surely. We have dwelt upon Miss Goddard’s second performance of the grandest and most difficult sonata; and we have rendered justice to the fine execution of his Ninth Symphony by the Orchestral Union under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon. Acknowledgment is due, however, to Mr. Hallé, for his intellectual “interpretation” (permit the word) of another of the latest and greatest of the piano-forte sonatas, at his last “Recital”—we mean the Op. III, in C minor, which, while not designed on a scale so vast and infinitely developed as the Op. 106, in B flat, ranks nevertheless as high as any of its companionworks as an effort of imagination. Even the timid and *conservative* Mr. Ella has [for the third—not “the first” time in 10 years], assailed the ears and perplexed the understandings of his perfumed “sitters,” with the posthumous quartet in B flat—another giant inspiration of the Colossus of instrumental harmony.

Of the concerts of Jenny Lind so much has been said lately that we need say nothing now. Suffice it, the year 1856 will be remembered as the year in which one of the grandest and most perfect of singers retired into private life, in the midst of triumphs, and in the zenith of her powers.

At the Italian Operas (besides the apparition of Marietta Piccolomini), we must mark as “facts” the unfading energy and vigor of Giulia Grisi—the unusually splendid singing of Mario, which has made of the season at the Royal Italian Opera a veritable “Mario season”—the temporary secession of the popular Tamburini at an early part of the season—the wonderful musico-dramatic displays, tragic and comic, of Ronconi—the increasing reputation and continual improvement of Angiolina Bosio—and the inimitable vocalization of Marietta Albini, who looks younger and handsomer than in 1847. These have given sufficient interest and *éclat* to the Italian campaign.

What more? Let us see. Balfé has succeeded from the post he filled so honorably from 1849 to 1853 (inclusive) as musical director at Her Majesty’s Theatre; in revenge, however, he has set some songs of the poet Longfellow in so kindred a spirit that they promise to excel in popularity all he wrote before; and he has given a benefit at Drury Lane, which was at the same time a bumper and a triumph—so that Balfé, the ex-conductor, stands in no need of consolation. Covent Garden was burnt down early in March; and in the middle of April the Royal Italian Opera commenced proceedings at the Lyceum! Her Majesty’s Theatre has re-opened its familiar doors to the public after two whole years of torpor, with Mr. Lumley, still zealous, eager, and full of enterprise, at the helm. *Enfin*, while one great edifice devoted to Music per-

ished by fire in March, another has risen, as it were by magic, four months later, in the midst of a garden—we mean, of course, the Surry Music Hall, the inauguration of which took place on Tuesday with such brilliant success, under the direction of M. Jullien.—*Mus. World*, July 19.

To our Subscribers and Advertisers.

We have to remind many of our patrons that our terms are, *payment in advance*; yet very many are still in arrears not only for the present year, (which commenced in April,) but for one and even two years past. Bills have been sent to all since April, and it is hoped that those who have not already done their duty in this matter, will soon do so by remitting the amounts due, by mail, or otherwise.

☞ Money letters by mail should always be registered; in that way only can money be remitted at our risk.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The Triennial Exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association will open in this city on the 10th of September. We understand that the display of Piano-Fortes will be unusually large and brilliant. . . . All who recollect the admirable playing of Mr. MORGAN, last summer, on the Tremont Temple organ, will rejoice to learn, by the announcement in another column, that he is to visit this city again in a few weeks, when he will give two Organ Concerts, in the same place, in connection with the Musical Convention under the auspices of Messrs. JOHNSON and FROST. Mr. M. is one of the most accomplished of English organists, and he will give us plentiful supplies of Bach and Handel, as well as discourse on the fancy stops.

“La Spia,” writing to the *Evening Gazette* about one of those interminable English concerts which he attended lately, says “classical music becomes tedious and monotonous, when listened to for more than three consecutive hours.” Is there any kind of music which does not? The concert referred to was one of Mr. HOLMES’s Piano-forte concerts, in which Mme. CLARA SCHUMANN, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, and thirteen other well known names were announced to perform on the same instrument. This Yankee “Spy” dissents from the applause of La PICCOLOMINI. He says:

She really does not deserve it. In *La Figlia del Reggimento* her singing was beneath criticism and her acting such as any piquante French grisette would be able to do after six months experience on the boards of the Opera Comique. Everything she did, whether good, bad or indifferent, was applauded and certainly would have been discouraging to any artist of merit, had he or she been present. She is much better in *La Traviata*, though were her name Miss Jenkins instead of Mlle. Piccolomini she would produce no more effect than would any débutante from the Conservatoire of Paris.

WAGNER, says the Spy, is to sing in *Tancredi* and the *Marriage of Figaro*, “which opera is the sequel by Mozart to the immortal ‘Barber of Seville.’” Is not that rather putting the cart before the horse?—Of an American singer in London, the same writer says:

Mr. Drayton, who has been absent from his native city, Philadelphia, for sixteen years, and who holds a very high position as a basso, from his fine voice, his manly and robust figure and his general excellence as an artist, may return home this fall and allow the musical world to see what “Young America” can do in the artistic line. He is acknowledged as the best “Devilshoo” on the stage in England. He has sung for six years in English opera, and before that time had a good schooling in the French Opera Comique.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, editor of the *Musical World*, has been invited to deliver a course of lectures on Music before the Board of Education in New York. The school officers and teachers of the public schools are invited to be present. . . . WILLIAM

VINCENT WALLACE is said to have recovered from his illness, and to be on his way back to America.

OLE BULL, we see, has given \$500 towards establishing a campaign (Fremont) paper among the Germans in Iowa. He never was truer to the instincts of the Artist. If Freedom fails, there is an end of Music and all other Art. . . . The *New York Mirror* says:

We announced a few days since, a little prematurely, that Max Maretzki had leased the Academy of Music, and would open the Opera season early in September. We now learn from one of the Directors that Mr. Maretzki has actually taken the house from Mr. Paine until Oct. 1st, (Mr. Paine’s lease expiring at that time,) and that a short season of the Opera will commence about the 1st of September. There is also a possibility that Max may become a permanent lessee, backed up by men of capital; and that a plan has been adopted which can hardly fail to make the Academy of Music a self-paying institution. * * Of the Company, we have learned no particulars. Madame La Grange is in Newport, whither Max has gone to treat with her.

WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT, for some time Professor, is now “Doctor of Music” at Cambridge, Eng. He took his degree Monday afternoon, June 30, and was “created” (that is the term) on the morning of July 1st. The exercise-anthem composed for the degree, and performed a few days before at Great St. Mary’s, is thus described by a local paper:

“An anthem composed by Professor W. S. Bennett, as an exercise for the degree of Doctor of Music, was performed—Mr. Hopkins, organist of the University and of Trinity College, presiding at the organ. The subject of the anthem is taken from the 10th Psalm, ‘Lord! who shall dwell in Thy tabernacle?’ The construction of the composition is original and effective, the question—‘Lord, who shall dwell?’—preceding each of the verses in recitative, answered by a double choir. In one of the movements is introduced the English choral, ‘St. Mary’s,’ the University Church bearing that name. The placid character of this choral is strongly contrasted with a declamation of the choir to another subject in unison. This is followed by an elegant movement of a pastoral character, which breaks into a manual and original choral, at the conclusion, to the words—‘Gloria Patri.’ The anthem will be more acceptable to educated musicians than to the general public.”

The *London Leader* (July 19) says JOHANNA WAGNER’s performance of *Lucrezia Borgia* confirms the opinion it had “very reluctantly” expressed of her Romeo; and adds: “Extraordinary physical power, incessant exaggeration, and a total want of true feeling, are the chief characteristics of this German prima donna. To those who were familiar with the *Lucrezia* of GRISI the contrast was at once ludicrous and painful. Witness the last scene, in which we all remember the passionate abandonment of despair and tenderness of GRISI when she throws herself on the body of Gennaro, the son sacrificed to her cruel lust of vengeance. At this terrible moment Mlle. WAGNER is seen gesticulating coldly but fiercely across the footlights, invoking we may suppose, the excited sympathies of the pit and gallery.” Madame AMADEI was the Orsini upon that occasion; and MR. CHARLES BRAHAM showed his inadequacy (in this critic’s opinion) for the rôle of Gennaro.

The Cathedral of Gran, in Hungary, is to be consecrated on the 31st of August, and LISZT, the pianist, who is a Hungarian, has composed a mass for the occasion. . . . Bosio continues to *furoreggiare* (as the *Eco di Italia* in New York says) at the Lyceum theatre in London. . . . STEFFANONE is in London on her return from Brazil. . . . Signora VIRGINIA WHITING LORINI is in London too; also our excellent buffo ROVERE, awaiting an engagement, or *disponibile*, as the Italians say. . . . A young soprano of great promise has made her début in Paris. Her name is RIBAULT. About a year ago the committee of the Grand Opera met to hear a pupil of the Conservatoire, who solicited an engagement at that theatre. She selected the duo of ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ but there happened to be no one at the Opera to sing with her. A young girl modestly offered to

sing a part in the duet. Her offer was accepted. The first mentioned artist failed; but the young girl was asked if she would not like to enter the Opera, and, upon her affirmative reply, she was at once engaged for three years. This is Mlle. Ribault; the Opera is paying the expenses of her musical education, as it did for Mario and Pouliot."

The report of THALBERG's intention of visiting us is confirmed, with the postscript that he will *perhaps* bring with him VIVIER, the eccentric hornist. Watchful "Stella" keeps the readers of the Worcester *Palladium* informed of all the symptoms of a growing taste for music in that "heart of the old Commonwealth"; witness the following:

Chancing the other day to be in the music rooms of GEORGE BURT, the excellent musician and teacher, I had the pleasure of listening to a rare musical entertainment, the only drawback upon which was the thought that more could not share the treat. As a violinist, this gentleman has no equal among us; and his piano playing is characterized by a singular fire and brilliancy, joined to correct and rapid execution. Three of Beethoven's sonatas, including the fine one in A flat, were played upon the violin and piano, by Messrs. Burt and Hodges, with perfect appreciation of their distinct spirit and beauty. Mr. Burt also interprets Mendelssohn and Chopin so finely, that, for the fortieth time, we second the motion often made by our music-loving citizens, viz: that public musical soirees, in which the rich mine of artistic talent now almost hidden in our midst shall expand itself, are "a consummation devoutly to be wished." Will not this proposition receive serious consideration before the close of another season?

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